Wichita Eagle

A SOUTHERN LOVE STORY.

The Eckly plantation lies near Campbell's Bend, on the Arkansas side of the Mississippi river. Old Maj. Eckly, the owner of the plantation, has, in many respects, the unstrung liberality of the ideal planter, yet in other respects he is prejudiced and narrowly self-opinionated.

Zalie, the major's daughter, was regarded as the handsomest girl of a community in which handsome girls were not rare. She had made an impression upon the brilliant social life of New Orleans, and had received offers of marriage from many well known men, but had refused them. The truth is, she loved a man named Bickles, a young fellow without fortune, without prospects, and, worse still, without particular industry.

Bickles was bright and pleasingly humorous; he told amusing stories in a lazy sort of way which was of itself attractive, and the old major was exceedingly friendly toward him until Bickles one day began to speak of Zalie. He told the old major of his great love for her. The old man turned upon him with fury.

"Why, confound your impudent hide, get out of my house," the major yelled. "Get out! Don't stop to say a word. I could tolerate you so long as I supposed you to be simply an amusing pauper, but, finding that you are nursing a design against my—my—get out, I tell you."

"Wait a minute, major, you will surely give me a chance to defend myself."

"No, I won't," shouted the major. "I don't want to see my daughter married to a man that is not able to take care of her. You have no money, sir."

"Won't need much money. We could live here with you."

"Oh, you could, you trifling rascal."

"Yes, could live here very comfortably. I could take charge of the plantation, and could relieve you of a great deal of trouble."

"Oh, yes; I've no doubt that you could relieve me of everything I've got."

"Your daughter loves me, and I promise to work faithfully, if you give your consent, but if you don't I will run away with her without making any promise at all."

"Oh, is that a fact?" the old man sarcastically rejoined. "Run away with her, eh? All right. I will follow along and seek an early opportunity of filling your hide so full of holes that it wouldn't hold wheat straw. Loves you, does she? Ah, ha, loves you! Well, now I'll call her, and you may start to run away with her right at once. Better roll up your breeches before you start. Loves you, does she?"

"Yes, I do." The girl stepped out upon the veranda.

The old major turned angrily upon her.

"Yes, I do," she repeated, "but I will not marry him without your consent. For gracious sake, don't say anything more, for here comes Gen. Griddleton."

Bickles withdrew. Gen. Griddleton, an old fellow with a pompous air and broken veins in his face, dismounted at the gate. He and the major were the warmest of friends. For each other's sake they were heroically self-sacrificing; they would fight for each other, and, at poker, they had often won each other's money.

"Ah, good morning, general."

"Ah, major, good morning."

"Beautiful weather, general."

"Major, magnificent."

This form of greeting changed only with the weather, and people who were accustomed to see the two old men meet each other had long since ceased to smile at their ludicrous gallantry, so familiar had the system of salutation become.

"Zalie," said the major, "go in the house, I have something particular to say to the general. What do you think?" he added, when the girl had withdrawn, "that infernal Bickles wants to marry my daughter."

"The trifling rascal!" the general exclaimed.

"And he swears," the major continued, "that if I don't give my consent he will run away with her."

"Oh, the venomous wolf!" the general cried.

"He is a pauper," said the major.

"And a wretch," declared the general.

"General, you have always stood by me."

"And I always will."

"Give me your hand."

They shook hands, and then entered into the close and absorbing communion of a game of poker.

A few weeks later the major and the general went down to New Orleans, and, as they were returning on a steamboat, the general suddenly exclaimed:

"By George, major, yonder is a man who did me a favor in Havana. Yes," gazing intently, "that is Victor Dinzolas, one of the most prominent planters in Cuba. He's coming this way."

The general advanced to meet the Cuban, who came walking with an easy, graceful swing down the cabin, bowed, made an open arm gesture and said:

"[illegible] but is not this the rion. Victor Dinzolas?"

The Cuban, after a moment's reflection, recognized the general, and with graceful heartiness seized his hand. When the major had been introduced, the party withdrew to the bar. Dinzolas was not an ill looking man; he wore enormous black whiskers and long hair, and spoke English easily, but with a slight Spanish accent. After several "rounds" at the bar, the general proposed a game of poker. No objections were raised; the Cuban was accommodating. They went to a private apartment, and were soon deep in the thrilling anxiety of the "great American pastime." From the very first Dinzolas began to win. The major snorted and the general fumed, but the Cuban, undisturbed, continued to rake in the money.

It must have been nearly daylight when the major shoved back his chair and said:

"I'm broke."

"So am I," the general took occasion to remark.

"I am very sorry, gentlemen," the Cuban declared, "for I have just begun to get interested in the game. Have you nothing that you can put up?"

"No," the major remarked. "As I have often been compelled to remark, I have nothing left except my plantation, my soul and my daughter."

"Ah," said the Cuban, "and would you like to put up one of them—the plantation or the daughter?"

"Sir!" exclaimed the major, springing to his feet, "what do you mean?"

"Oh, no offense, I assure you. I have more respect for my friend, the general, than to insult his friend. I once won a young lady—please be seated, major; don't be excited, for I assure you that I mean no insult."

"Major, hear what he's got to say," the general interposed.

The major sat down; the Cuban continued:

"Once, in the city of Mexico, I played for a gentleman's daughter and won her. An agreement was drawn up, reading about this way: 'I agree to give the bearer my daughter so-and-so, provided he can gain her consent.' I won the paper bearing these words, but in truth did not win the girl. She spurned me. Perhaps I should be more fortunate another time."

"Will you excuse the major and me if we request a private interview?" the general asked, addressing Victor Dinzolas.

"Most assuredly; I will withdraw."

"Don't this beat anything you ever heard of," said the major when the Cuban had withdrawn.

"Rather peculiar, I must say; but let me tell you, I see good in it. Agree to his proposal—put up Zalie."

"General, do you take me for an infernal barbarian?"

"Oh, no. Now, if you put up your daughter and lose her, this Cuban might come around, and—well, he might scare the life out of Bickles."

The major slapped the general on the shoulder.

"You are the smartest man in the world, general. Call that half nigger looking fellow."

The Cuban resumed his place, put up $1,000 against Zalie and won. Shortly afterwards the boat landed at Campbell's Bend.

One afternoon, several days later, the major and the general sat on the veranda overlooking the broad field of cotton.

"Major, is Bickles still hanging around?"

"He was here yesterday, but left somewhat downcast, as Zalie positively refused to marry him without my consent. Who is that coming through the big gate? By gracious, it's that infernal Cuban."

"That's who it is."

"Confound my fool hide. I wish I hadn't done that caper. I wouldn't have done it if I hadn't been half drunk. Now, that's a nice piece of paper he's got. Wish Bickles was here. I'd soon have them chewing each other. I don't know what to do."

Zalie came out on the veranda.

"Oh, who is that?" she asked.

The Cuban had dismounted at the yard gate.

"Oh, but doesn't he look like a hero of a novel!"

"Zalie," thundered the major, "go into the house."

The girl obeyed. The Cuban came up the steps.

"Ah, general, glad to see you again; and the major, I hope he has not forgotten me."

"No," said the major; "sit down."

The Cuban took a seat and began to fan himself with his broad brimmed hat.

The major snorted; the general hemmed and hawed.

"Ah," said the Cuban, "is Miss—Miss—let me see (examining the paper); ah, Miss Zalie. Is she at home?"

"Look here," said the major; "I want you to understand that my daughter is not a slave."

"Oh, certainly, I understand that, but she is mine if I can win her. This paper"——

"Hang the paper!"

"But, as a gentleman, you cannot, ah, give me a word here, cannot repudiate."

"That's a fact," the major admitted.

"Will you call her?"

The major's face grew livid with rage, but he called Zalie. She came out, and when the Cuban was presented she bowed with charming grace.

"A very handsome girl," said the Cuban. "She has many fine points."

"Sir," thundered the major, springing to his feet.

"No offense. Will my friend, the general, explain the object of my visit?"

"I will," the general answered, "but would first like to send for a friend of mine, Mr. Bickles."

"My time is limited. Will the general explain?"

The general explained; the girl listened with deep interest. "Oh, how romantic," she said, "how charmingly uncommon! Sir," extending her hand toward the Cuban, "I'll go with you."

"What!" the major roared, "go with this barbarian? No, not if he had fifty plantations."

"A contract signed by a gentleman," the Cuban said, "is a document of honor."

The major sat down. "You are right," he said, "you are right, but I don't understand my daughter, don't understand her. I thought she was a woman of pride, but I don't understand her."

"I do," said the Cuban. He snatched off his false whiskers and long hair, revealing the familiar features of Bickles.

The major snorted like a frightened horse. For several moments he could say nothing. Then he turned upon the general.

"You old—old"——

"Hold on, major," said the general, laughing. "Here is the money the Cuban won from you on the boat."

The major took the money and, tucking it into his vest pocket, remarked:

"Bickles, you've got more sense than I thought you had, and I reckon I'll have to stand by my contract."—Opie P. Read in Milwaukee Sentinel.

ADELINA PATTI

Some Information of Interest About the Sweet Voiced Diva.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, April 14.—Patti is at once the most fascinating and deliciously conceited of all women to interview. I defy any one who has ever sat under her magnetic influence for a half hour to go away and write anything nasty of her. Some way you think of a bird of brilliant plumage or a luscious tropical flower when you stand in the diva's presence and note the warm coloring of her peachy face, the lights in her splendid oriental eyes and red gold tresses, the flash of diamonds and the soft luster of velvet. For the queen of song is always exquisitely dressed.

You are fascinated by her picturesque personality, her magnetism, her sweet voice, her thousand and one winsome ways, and you are diverted by her self appreciation. "Were you at the opera last night?" she asked me during an interview a few days since. "No? Oh, how much you missed! I sang superbly. When I was 16 my voice was silver, but now it is gold. No," in answer to another question, "I shall not leave the stage. It would be a pity to deprive the public of such a voice as mine."

Patti is enchanted with her beautiful new hair, which was finished in New York, the preparatory work only having been done abroad. She is like a child with a new toy as she pats, caresses and calls attention to the beautiful shining mass piled high on the graceful little head. She asks you frankly if

THE QUEEN OF SONG.

you do not think it beautiful and allows you to part the thick tresses and see for yourself that the dark roots do not show. It is a marvelously beautiful tinge—a real red gold, not any washed out, streaked result, and the effect, with the marked contrast of the black eyes and brows, is decidedly piquant.

The afternoon that I saw her she sat before a great window through which the sun poured down upon her, surrounded by her intimate friends and associates. There were the tenors Castlemari and Lloyd, snowy haired Maretzek beaming upon her as she called him her "dear old Max," Nicolini and any number of adoring female friends. To these she chatted like a sweet, coquettish child, in every known language, for Patti is a famous linguist. Her tiny Chihuahua lay cuddled in her lap upon her velvet gown, her pet mocking bird sent forth a gush of melody akin to his mistress' divine notes, and a superb parrot screamed and chattered in the next room.

On the days before Patti sings, she denies herself to everybody and scarcely speaks aloud. She is extremely careful of that wondrous voice, even directing one of her friends to scream out, "Come in," whenever a tap was heard at the door, for as she naively expressed it, "I am going to sing to-morrow night and I'm not going to ruin my voice screaming 'Come in.'"

EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

Edward Everett Hale.

BOSTON, April 14.—"You will smile, perhaps, when I tell you that I date the whole life of my conscious responsibility to the gift of an inkstand from Edward Everett Hale," said a clergyman to me the other day. "I can never forget it," he continued; "it was a conscious date in life. I was in the Theological seminary, and at the holiday season that year I had nowhere to go. I was feeling particularly blue and desolate when a little package reached me, and in it was a pocket inkstand from Mr. Hale and his card. It put life on a new center.

"If that great hearted, noble man could remember me in that way, I resolved that I would live and work not quite unworthily of his goodness. I took heart at once, and I really feel that I owe all the success of my life to him." Another clergyman related a similar consciousness of a crisis in life from having once been detailed by his class to meet Dr. Hale at a distance of ten miles and drive him to the college, where he was to deliver an address. It is perhaps a question if any other one man in America has ever established such direct personal relation with such multitudes of young men and women as has Dr. Hale. His home in the Boston Highlands is a kind of Mecca for all sorts and conditions of people.

Mrs. Hale, being once asked if she had a reception day, replied in the negative, adding that she had often thought of having a day—for herself! It is little wonder that Dr. Hale has inspired a "Lend-a-Hand" club, and it was a suggestive picture on a recent morning, when the representatives from the "Lend-a-Hand," "Ten Times One is Ten," "King's Daughters" and "Send Me" clubs met in the pretty church on Newbury street, in the Boston Back Bay, to celebrate Dr. Hale's sixty-eighth birthday. It was a good many years ago that Dr. Hale's "Ten Times One is Ten" book was published, and it is still going through new editions and doing incalculable good, as a seed that germinates must in its ever growing and ever enduring influence.

Look up, and not down;
Look forward, and not backward,

has made itself a watchword of life. Among the representatives gathered in the church was Miss Lucy Guinness, of London, who is the original of Walter Besant's heroine in "All Sorts and Conditions of Men"—a sweet voiced, fair young woman, who left a pleasant home to step into the great army of working women and thus study their conditions of life.

Miss Guinness read a paper in the parlors of Mrs. D. Lothrop recently (Mrs. Lothrop, better known as the "Margaret Sidney" of literature) on "East London Lasses Inside and Outside the Factory Gates," which revealed how close and sympathetic a study she had made of their phase of life.

Miss Guinness is one whose work dates back to its first inspiration from Edward Everett Hale. The famous divine has the most wonderful endowment of working energy. He will jot down the synopsis of a story while riding in a street car from his home in the Highlands into the city; he will preach in the morning in Boston, get to New York by an afternoon train, into his Cosmopolitan Magazine department on the way, preach in the evening, deliver an oration at Johns Hopkins perchance the next day, and perhaps at night be the chief speaker at a banquet in Washington or Philadelphia, or the chief figure at a reception, as much at home as if he had never lived anywhere else. His executive ability and his tireless energy are as marked as his purpose to aid all humanity.

LULIAN WHITING.

A Grecian Romance.

A Greek merchant of Alexandria, in Egypt, who made a great deal of money, unable to return personally to his country, but intent upon choosing a Grecian maiden for his wife, writes to his correspondent in Corinth, at the bottom of his usual business letter: "Finally, I request you to remit me, by returning steamer, a young lady who might feel inclined to be my wife. She need not be in possession of any money, with which I am sufficiently blessed; but a good reputation, of the age of 24 or 25, a respectable family, good looks, health and temper and middle sized figure. If the lady will bring the inclosed note with your kindly acceptance, you may feel assured that I will honor the same and make the bearer my wife."

Although somewhat astonished at this singular order of his Alexandria correspondent, the merchant at Corinth, as a good business man, thought best to fill it like any other received from so reliable a customer and to send the merchandise demanded at short notice. Having found a lady possessing the required qualities and willing to transmit, with the accepted check of her unknown countryman, her hand and heart, the Corinthian took her aboard the next steamer going to the country of the Pharaohs. At the same time he notified his friend by telegraph of the precious shipment.

As soon as the boat anchored in the harbor of Alexandria the matrimonious Greek boarded it, to hear himself called by name and see a pretty young damsel stepping up to him, saying: "I have a check signed by you and hope you will duly honor it." "Never yet a note of mine has gone to protest," replied the blushing groom, "and I shall not permit this to happen to the one you hold. I shall be happy if, in compensation, you will honor me with your hand."

A fortnight later the note was redeemed and the payer a happy husband.—Akrokorinthos.

The Owl's Powerless Eye.

The owl has no power of motion in its eye, the globe of which is immovably fixed in the socket by a strong, elastic, hard, cartilaginous case, in the form of a truncated cone; but in order to compensate for this absence of motion in the eye it is able to turn its head round in almost a complete circle without moving its body.—Exchange.

A Florida fisherman recently baited his set hooks with small green frogs. He left his hooks in the water all nicely floating, having been told that this was the best of bait, expecting to return next morning and find fish by the dozen. He returned, and to his surprise all his baited hooks were sitting out on the banks looking at him, and as he came close to them they would jump back in the water "karchunk."

Looking Ahead.

Chinese parents excuse themselves for killing their children by saying that if every one was allowed to live there wouldn't be enough shoemakers to supply them with shoes, and that many would have to go barefooted in winter, and thus suffer great discomfort. When a Chinaman can't see through a stone wall no one else will try.—Detroit Free Press.